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the 1990s, the incidence of *S. flexneri* infections in the United Kingdom has increased, and the incidence of *S. flexneri* infection in the United States has increased in the 1980s and 1990s [10, 11]. In the United Kingdom, *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *Shigella* isolated from patients with shigellosis [12].

There is a paucity of data on the epidemiology of *S. flexneri* infection in the United Kingdom. In the 1980s, *S. flexneri* was the most common serotype of *Shigella* isolated from patients with shigellosis in the United Kingdom [12]. In the 1990s, the incidence of *S. flexneri* infections in the United Kingdom has increased, and the incidence of *S. flexneri* infection in the United States has increased in the 1980s and 1990s [10, 11]. In the United Kingdom, *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype of *Shigella* isolated from patients with shigellosis [12].

The aim of this study was to determine the prevalence of *S. flexneri* infection in the United Kingdom. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where the incidence of *S. flexneri* infection has increased in the 1990s. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where the incidence of *S. flexneri* infection has increased in the 1990s.

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VISIONS OF SOLYMA,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

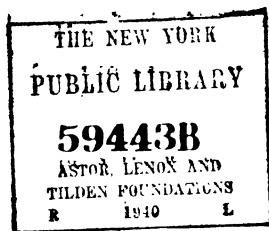
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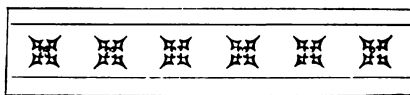
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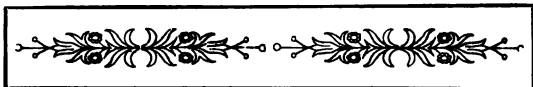
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W O R 19 FEB '36

TO
THE REV. DR. WILLIAM F. MORGAN,
MY DEAR AND TRUE FRIEND,
WHOSE
LIFE AND PULPIT PREACH WITH EQUAL ELOQUENCE,

These Poems
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



VISIONS OF SOLYMA.

Once pictured on an ancient palace-wall
I read the stories of a nation's past;
Now, like those forms, from memory's mystic hall
Scenes of my life come crowding thick and fast
Painted in vision'd hues too bright to last.
Fair as a dream I see my boyhood's home,
The river's morning gleam, with shadows cast
From hills whose solemn sides I loved to roam;
And e'en the clouds seem those I left on heav'n's blue
dome.

O sweet and dear the spot! A father's face,
A mother's smile I see, and love's light o'er
What e'er to youth could give its charm and grace
Then joy for manhood in the memory store—
All as I muse comes thrilling back once more,
Nor lost will be when Paradise shall bloom.
Yes! Heaven while we with cherubim adore
For earth's old home will in our hearts leave room,
Nor dazzle childhood's day into oblivion's gloom.

I left that spot at duty's trumpet-call
When manhood drew to battle in life's war;
How peaceful seem'd the calm ancestral hall
When round me burst the sounds of earth's wild jar,
And mists and storms made dim youth's morning
star !

Yet struggle only vigor gives to man
As flight to eaglets strength, who, circling far,
Grow as they mount, in Heaven's eternal plan,
Until the monarch-bird soars high because he can.

Oh, now what face is rising o'er my soul
As once the moon her beauty from the sea
I saw uplift where midnight billows roll
Which flung back shatter'd beams to sadden me !
'Tis thou, my Ida ! Yes, I look on thee !
Thine are those eyes in their dark lustrous gaze
Bright-imaged by my heart on memory !
Oh, from the altar's flowers and torch's blaze
Until thy sun was set thy love made blest my days.

Once, towering o'er a cat'ract's roar, two trees
Stood wedded by a faithful limb between;
Born from the spray and floating on the breeze,
And crowning both were circling rainbows seen
That flung bright glories round the mingling green.
Lo, see the tempest hurl his bolt of fire,
And thunder on those trees as it had been
Destruction blasting in his midnight ire !
The lonely living left did with slow wounds expire.



Shines from my past a light of golden years
 When Love two married hearts tuned into one.
 Joy then smiled to brighten sorrow's tears
 As rain-drops take the splendors of the sun
 To paint the clouds when storms their work have
 done.
 Then children came to gladden my life's day
 With grace and light which earth from heav'n has won.
 Now o'er those years my pensive soul will stray
 As Age yet loves to linger 'mid the flowers of May.

Say, like a shadow on the light of noon,
 Or sigh of woe in summer's joyous strain ;
 Say, like a tempest shrouding round the moon,
 Or like a wail of agonizing pain
 When festal music over kings has reign—
 Oh say, was this what thrill'd into my heart ?
 Prophetic fear ! at memory's call again
 The mortal pang I feel within me dart
 Which piercing once the soul will never from it part.

In morning light, and anchor'd in the bay
 How bright I see a ship of sunny France
 Around whose masts the brilliant pennants play !
 The kiss, the tear, the farewell word and glance,
 And while the sunbeams o'er the waters dance
 A thunderous noise I hear as if of pain
 Which out to ocean tells the ship's advance !
 My Ida onward glides to meet the main ;
 Oh, may the skies of France her bloom bring back
 again !

What meant that fatal yellow in her cheek
Like some prophetic tinge in autumn's leaf?
Mine eyes were blind when I the cause could seek,
Fast fades her form ! vain, vain my cry and grief !
Ida come back ! my heart must find relief !
Faint down the bay still wave the tokens white !
Long woe before makes bliss behind how brief !
Clouds hide no more the sun ! stars smile in light !
Sing, murmuring, winds of day ! sleep billows in the
night !

The throb of power still pulses in the sea
To drive the ship through mist and storm and wave.
Ida, the shores of France are seen by thee !
Not in the deep still sea thy lonely grave
Which hears no sound when requiem-tempests rave.
Gleams from yon church a cross on morning's sky
Where wives of sailors call their saints to save.
Haven of Grace, how oft a joyful eye
Beholds through tear and storm salvation's ensign
nigh !

The clouds are gone ! the sun is on the deep !
A sabbath stillness rules the summer air.
Upon the deck I see my Ida weep
At thought of him whose heart she knows is there.
But joy soon brightens through the gloom of care,
And, glorious France, her step is on thy shore !
Land of the song and vine, so gay, so fair,
Paint, with thy roses paint that cheek once more,
And kindle in her eyes the light they had before !

Paris, soon thee my Ida doth behold !
 Lo, at thy name, stands Paris in mine eye,
 Priam's impurpled son in gem and gold
 Flushed in the light of beauty's majesty
 With Helen, Grecian Venus, glittering by
 Like love's star in a cloud of crimson pride,
 While round the shaking walls the engines ply !
 Fierce war is thundering on the city's side,
 And gods o'er smiling Troy in battle's fury ride.

Kings, Paris, piled thy palaces so fair
 With treasures wrench'd from want when tyrants
 Thy queenly beauty rose into the air [sway'd.
 From stones in blood and groans by wretches laid;
 The crown about thy brow in glory ray'd
 Is metal melted from red battle's spoil.
 Thy giddy monarchs with the earthquakes play'd
 And ruin sowed o'er France with reckless toil—
 The harvest burst in death out from a poison-soil.

Versailles, who built thee in thy royal pride,
 And taught thy brilliant fountains how to play ?
 Wealth, won by savage war which right defied,
 Deck'd pictured halls where jewel'd princelings stray
 With wantons flaunting shame before the day.
 Grand Louis, France, drain'd out thy blood from
 thee,
 And made thy flesh remorseless battle's prey—
 He lit the spark whose flames he did not see
 When throne and altar blazed, and demons glared in
 glee.

Thou Place of Concord, bright with spoils of art,
Thy grace, thy beauty earth has seldom seen,
Where fountain, column, obelisk have part ;
And sister-cities smile round in thy sheen,
Paris, more fair than all that yet has been !
Yet, Seat of Peace, here monarch blood once flow'd ;
Here, like a royal flow'r, fell France's Queen,
While Revolution's wildest tempests roar'd,
And wretches mock'd the God whom cherubim
adored.

Grey Saint Denis, what revel-rage in thee
Bursts from dim aisles where sleeps in marbled pride
The dust throned once o'er France in majesty ?
A torch's glare is on the column's side
And o'er the altar flames a blood-red tide !
Hurl'd out from royal tombs the skulls of kings
In mockery piled o'er ghastly bones preside.
With wrongs of years Despair the mad mob stings
And o'er the wond'ring stones those gleams of ven-
geance flings.

Oh, Paris, black once more thy palace-walls !
Behold Saint Cloud looks ruin'd on the Seine,
And silence glooms again in banquet-halls !
Why did Napoleon's column plead in vain
Then crash in fragments down as if in pain ?
Hark ! Gallic cannon, and the German shell !
In fire and blood, Oh France, 'tis demons reign,
And hurl o'er frightened earth the torch of hell !
The woe of that long night not mortal pen may tell.

No hues too black to paint the Commune's crime ;
Yet kings and nobles show'd wild mobs the way,
And first peal'd ruin on the ear of time.
This flame a glare from that old fatal day
When, France, thy Charles at massacre did play
His royal mother urging on the shot !
Europe, thy monarchs now o'er thee would sway
Had scepter'd Justice ruled without a blot !
No loyal love can live where truth and right are not.

Thou too, Napoleon, left on France a scar !
Yon arch triumphal, and that golden dome
Above thy dust witness thy glory's star
Eclipsing e'en the splendors of old Rome.
Borne o'er the sea by love to France thy home
Sorrow leaves not her dews where thou dost sleep.
Hard as thy prison-rock where billows foam
O'er slaughtered millions thou couldst never weep ;
And hence around thy tomb men tearless vigils keep.

Learn wisdom, France, from pangs 'mid blood and
flame !
Be thy Republic true to Freedom's cause,
Nor Liberty in thee a boastful name !
Guard human rights by just and equal laws,
Nor in the path to Truth Eternal pause !
O hurl no creed in malice from thy soil !
By revolution snatch'd from tyrant's jaws,
Like evil kings, make men no more thy spoil,
Nor fling from thee a boon won by long tears and toil !

Then Europe, yea and Earth, will know the time
When men from royal fetters shall be free.
Hark, from the future peals that hour sublime
To tell that rule from *worth*, not birth shall be !
Then o'er our world thy smile, O Liberty,
Shall wake in nations powers that slumber'd long,
Because the many toil'd, unblest by thee,
To keep the few impurpled in their wrong
'Til realms in chains and tears could voice no joy
in song.

Great are the people who have made thee great,
And, Paris, beautiful as earth's bright dream !
The Old and New in thee now meet and mate
Until we see from them commingling teem
Such births of loveliness that they do seem
Outflashings from the brilliant sun of France ;
And then o'er thee my heart a light will stream
Like mists of gold when morn in her advance
Veils in a pensive cloud the beams of day's first glance.

Queen of the world, why, Paris, thou so dear ?
Why on mine eyes this mist at thought of thee ?
Oft will thy name bring from my lid a tear.
An iceberg's glitter o'er a sparkling sea
They say is like thy bright frivolity.
So cold, so gay, can tenderness have room ?
Yes ! Love and Death make Paris dear to me.
Affection's glow, like evening's on a tomb,
Will gild its clods with light, and sacred make its
gloom.

Napoleon's urn, the Palais Royale's flowers,
 The spoils of glory which the Louvre displays,
 Old Notre Dame with grey, majestic towers,
 And Concord's Place where Beauty lingering stays
 To veil the glare from revolution's blaze,
 The Champs Elyseé, and the battle-pile
 Whose arch of triumph mocks Rome's grandest
 days ;
 The magic Bois whose charms dull hours beguile,
 These, Ida, seen by thee, were hallowed in thy smile !

What shadow flings its darkness o'er the sea
 To spread a midnight o'er my trembling heart ?
 Ida, was this a mystic spell from thee
 While waves and winds of ocean us still part ?
 Prophetic was the tear which oft would start ?
 The sun shone dim as if he felt a woe.
 Behind these clouds does Death now point his dart ?
 My spirit shiver'd ere it felt the blow :
 The evil that I feared in agony I know.

Oh, Love, how swift thy flashing pinions fly
 To bear me o'er the mountains of the deep !
 France, have I come beneath thy sunny sky
 To veil my life in clouds that ever weep ?
 I see thee, Ida, sleep ! hope is in sleep.
 A whisper in her heart unseals her eye :
 E'en in her dreams did Love his vigil keep.
 A glance, a bound, a low and tender cry !
 What grief and joy may thrill where mingle smile and
 sigh !

Poor human strength and beauty, what are ye?
Bright flow'r of womanhood, how frail thy stem!
What ghosts of shadows pale from life we flee!
Each mortal casket breaks before a gem
Immortal flashes from its diadem.
Oh, ere the spirit bursts to life away,
Ever must pains and clouds around it hem?
Alone through night and death can shine the ray
That points up to the sun in everlasting day.

When battle-trumpets breathe their martial fire,
And armies watch the deeds of false and brave,
'Tis pride and shame oft coward-hearts inspire.
Where tempests fiercest lift the mountain wave,
And lightnings show each gulf a yawning grave
Oft cravens borrow courage from despair,
And in wild lunacy will reckless rave.
Lone suffering months I saw my Ida dare
Omnipotent in ONE who pangs for all did bear.

When I took Ida to the cold dark sea
Winter laid France white in a shroud of snow.
I tread the deck in lonely agony
While Death sits on the coffin'd form below;
Clouds o'er the deep funereal shadows throw.
Oh, who can paint the pang of sunless days
When life is gloom and hope has lost its glow?
But see! my country's shores rise on my gaze!
O'er thee, dear land, a mist which is the tear's dim
haze!

Yet winter lingering rules the western air
 When cold in earth we Ida laid to sleep.
 Years pass'd in patient pain or wild despair
 As lone as that last tear which Woe can weep
 Ere Sorrow turns to ice the soul's great deep.
 Stars saw me on her grave one summer night
 Where Grief till morn did voiceless vigil keep.
 Out o'er the ocean gates Day flashed his light.
 And blue of sky and sea made glittering sails more
 white.

Sweet on the air was breathing fragrant June
 And tempting to her bloom the murmuring bee.
 Until the silence in the blaze of noon
 On Ida's grave I slept beneath a tree
 Whose leaves arch'd o'er my whispering canopy.
 Proud as a queen waved near my head a rose,
 And blossoms round my dreamy eyes could see,
 While high the sun in monarch-splendor glows,
 Nor robing round his throne one cloud a shadow
 throws.

Lo, now a glory comes down on my dream !
 It was of rainbows form'd and fring'd with gold,
 And e'en the sun grew dull in its bright gleam,
 And far within I saw a form unfold
 Brilliant as visions ere the morn is old.
 The cloud stands over me, and then I know
 Who smiles within the dazzle I behold.
 My Ida spher'd in that celestial glow
 The bloom of Life has left for me her love to show.

Up from the pillow of the grave I rise
With outstretch'd arms to clasp my Ida round,
When o'er her face a smile seraphic flies
And from her lips a low angelic sound :
"Ivan," she said, "between us is a bound
Love may not pass while in the flesh you stay.
Enrobed in light my way to earth I've found,
Not for affection's thrills in mortal clay—
Thy pilgrim feet I guide to Life's eternal day.

"Imparadised, the woman 's yet in me.
I from thy lips must know before we start
If quenchless in thy breast love burns in thee.
Has death obscured my image in thine heart ?
Or in that realm am I left but a part ?
Another thine would drive me from thy side.
My youth's first flame I feel within me dart;
Since deathless was the love you vow'd your bride,
Your wife eternal I must be or not your guide."

"Ida," I said, "my witness is not far ;
My pillow'd head is wet now with the dew
That glittered in the glory of the star
O'er me which watch'd while I slept over you.
'Twas Ida to this grave her Ivan drew.
No lip save thine my lip could ever kiss,
No love save thine e'er in this bosom grew,
No smile save thine in Paradise my bliss—
A void eternal here if thee from Life I miss."

"Enough," she said, "A pilgrim thou shalt be ;
 The touch of ev'ry soil thy foot shall feel ;
 Thine angel, I, invisible to thee,
 Will oft in dreams thy mortal sight unseal,
 And to thy soul eternity reveal.
 Ivan how oft the universal pain
 Has felt within his widow'd spirit steal,
 Until he sought to hush its cry in vain
 With joys that flash and fade like sparkles on the
 main !

"In man there is a deep time cannot fill ;
 A throb in eyes for charms they never see ;
 In ears an ache for strains that may not thrill ;
 A sigh in hearts for some thing yet to be
 As long and vast as their eternity.
 Time mocks the dream it never can destroy,
 And ye the visions chase fast as they flee,
 Which yet lure on to where with no alloy
 Shines that immortal state in which to live is joy.

"Genius on earth consumes with secret fire,
 And Beauty's Image grasping seeks in vain ;
 The phantom neared more quenchless makes desirc,
 But always miss'd, awakes intenser pain.
 The sculptured marble which his wreath doth gain
 Yet leaves a hunger in the artist's breast,
 And magic pictures which o'er ages reign
 The painter lured to dreams which gave no rest,
 Till Art triumphant most is ever most unblest,

"In time each good possess'd has yet a sting,
And soaring wishes wakes beyond its spell.
Give Fancy Earth! It will with bolder wing
Scorn the mean gift and mount in Heaven to dwell.
The poet's genius is the poet's hell.
Imagination tortures thus in man,
And wings to pangs its songs may never tell.
Each mortal yet untaught will dream and plan,
And age the vision chase as it in youth began.

"The lust consuming in an evil heart,
Of murder say, like some volcanic fire,
Uncheck'd on earth beyond the grave will start
Though impotent the fury of an ire
Where spirits agonize, yet can't expire.
Each guilty soul in Hades as in Time
A wretch with passion toss'd, whose mad desire
Burns ever, while impossible his crime—
What Death finds man he is with equity sublime.

"On all life's clouds I see this Death now grin!
He scowls o'er homes, and round the loved doth
leer,
And tells the flesh by pains he mines within.
Each heart the hungry phantom rules with fear,
And o'er a world triumphant waves his spear.
Oh, who may tell the sighs about each grave,
The anguish piercing in each burning tear!
Yes, vain would man death's ghastly terrors brave—
From such grim tyrant-sway Omnipotence must save.

“Solyma, in Thee is man’s Ideal found !
 ’Mid shapes of beauty flashing on the sight
 Where Music breathes her soul in every sound,
 Fancy her wing folds in thy glory’s light,
 Poised, and at rest on the Creation’s height.
 Sublimed, each sense has that for which it pined
 In hopeless ache ’mid time’s old curse and blight,
 And with a bliss, ethereal and refined,
 A universe attuned, immortal thrills the mind.”

She ceased, and on a hill a CITY shone
 Bathed in a beauty of celestial light;
 Not dull with tarnished, time-decaying stone,
 Its gems and gold were flashing on my sight
 The beams of HIM whose face dispels the night.
 Fair Solyma I saw, Creation’s Queen,
 More dazzling than the sun when noon is bright,
 And by a dim and mortal vision seen
 ’Twill blind and burn the eye with its resplendent
 sheen.

Around, each storm was hush’d, nor roar’d one
 sea,
 And smiled above the blue eternal skies,
 While all from pain and death forever free
 Had look more sweet than that of Paradise.
 Music mine ear and Beauty thrills mine eyes,
 And forms of grace shine in celestial glow.
 No tear-drop trembles there, nor lip breathes sighs,
 But in each heart Love whispers soft and low—
 Yes! Solyma in Thee man’s joy will ever grow!

Hast thou looked on the Alps while yet the Spring
Left on their sides the white long lingering snow
As down some mountain gorge the sun did fling
In floods the splendors of his evening glow?
See! steepes and peaks to walls and turrets grow!
A glittering city floating seems in air
And angels in its light to come and go,
Until a cloud veils o'er the pageant rare
Where symbols on the skies immortal things declare.

Yes! thus 'mid time, in image veil'd and dim,
Would musing men on Alpine heights behold,
O Solyma, a dazzling vision swim
Of thy gem-flashing walls and streets of gold
To be remember'd when thy charms unfold;
And yet how poor at eve that mountain-sight
Beside the glories to my eye unroll'd
As Beauty smiles in Solyma the bright
And on the city pours her everlasting light!

Now in my dream I all things saw made new.
The same yet not the same did earth appear,
Then glowing like the sun her glory grew,
And in her light my soul more large and clear.
I felt my body with a wondering fear
Chang'd to its spirit-form and yet mine own.
I was an essence in a loftier sphere
Flashing around the splendors which there shone
Where things terrestrial lost are in celestial known,

Mine eye reach'd far with sights of beauty fill'd;
Mine ear drank now the sounds for which it
 yearn'd;
Each nerve intense was with a rapture thrill'd
'Til in its joy my being glowed and burned.
What once took years was in quick moments
 learn'd.
With glance dilate and wide as time and space
To my Ideal Manhood I was turn'd—
Yet made angelic in my form and face—
My mortal beauty robed with an immortal grace.

Supreme the joy when thine Perfection's dream !
Thy soul and flesh made all that they can be!
Swiftness and power and glory's crowning gleam,
And grace beyond the poet's eye to see,
Or artist catch when genius glances free !
Sublimed at last to all e'er sigh'd for man !
Thy bliss a thrill for an eternity
To seal Jehovah's everlasting plan
Which ere Creation's morn in his great thought began !

Where Ida gazed I saw within the gate
Whose pearl was turning on its hinge of gold
A shining one time could not emulate,
Yet like myself a man of human mould
Transfused with light 'til dazzling to behold,
Such, that the splendors which around him blaze
Beam from within, and as they still unfold,
Upon his brow a diadem of rays
Crowns one who shines the type of blest eternal days.

Not o'er our earth on faces sits repose;
Impatience clouds, or flashes from the eye,
And o'er each feature fitful changes throws.
E'en when the man is throned in dignity
A pain along his tortured nerves will fly
To show the worm amid the monarch's pride.
Not in a world whère death his work may ply
Can peace in human hearts or looks preside
To breathe eternal calm o'er time's unrestful tide.

In that celestial form I saw a soul
Fixed in its God, and to its centre true.
If once around a storm was heard to roll
All now was still as heaven's sublimest blue
Where sings the lark unheard and hid from view.
The victor in life's war, and ceased its roar
Immortal hence his crown he conscious knew
Where change can come not, nor a whirlwind more
Dash out its envious rage upon the waveless shore.

He smiled and looked as I have seen the day
When burst the young sun from his golden shroud
To send down on the world a flashing ray
Which, tinting morning on her crimson cloud
Awake'd the tuneful birds to warble loud;
As if the King of Heav'n, o'erbrimm'd with joy,
Darted his beams amid the feathery crowd
To thus benign their piping throats employ,
And one glad chorus raise without earth's sad alloy.

But now loud music burst out on mine ear,
 As I have heard in some cathedral hymn,
 And myriad shapes of beauty bright appear
 Where Heaven breathes o'er its grace in face and
 limb
 Conforming to the perfect mould of Him
 From whom our Manhood finds and takes it all,
 And from whose Godhead's glory to the rim
 Of his Creation rays will robing fall
 In light on all things fair which we may lovely call.

Where crowns are flashing and the glad wreaths
 wave,
 I see the glorified in white array'd
 Who sing round Him who saved them from the
 grave.
 A Hallelujah for his grace displayed
 Burst from my lips, and when the word was said
 It seem'd a universe roll'd on the sound
 Whose music to Creation's limit strayed,
 And thrill'd celestial hosts with joy around
 'Til not a silent harp, nor voiceless lip was found.

See! Heaven opens, now behold
 Blazing far bright lamps of gold
 On the crystal sea!
 From the throne light-circled o'er
 Lightnings flame and thunders roar
 While thy name swells ever more—
 Lamb of Calvary!

Yes! thou mock'd and crucified
Onward flows Salvation's tide
 Over Heaven from Thee!
Thrill from Thee its bursts of praise!
Smile from Thee its bliss bright days!
Beams from Thee its glory's blaze—
 Lamb of Calvary!

Harps of Heav'n assist our song!
Saint and seraph roll along
 This great joy with me!
Thousand thousand voices sound!
Hear Creation's farthest bound!
Burst thy praise eternal round—
 Lamb of Calvary!

Once in a palace of old Europe's kings
A marble cherub seem'd through air to fly
As if Love's fire was breathing in his wings.
Grasping his torch to fling down from the sky
A light o'er earth whose hope uncheer'd would die,
He looked to me like some celestial smile.
Grace in each limb and brightness in his eye
His floating image could my heart beguile
When life would else be gloom and its sad stains
 defile.

Lo ! living cherubs in such grace of flight
 By millions cleave the soft cerulean air
 With pinions flashing in eternal light !
 'Tis harps not torches those white fingers bear.
 Hark ! floating from their lips flow strains so rare
 That tuneless seem'd all heard before by me.
 O how could earth's best melodies compare
 With music breathed from hearts made pure and
 free !

But from immortal joy immortal song can be.

"Ida," I said, "yon infant-angels see
 Within whose forms 'tis beauty's self inspires,
 And Heaven has touch'd their tongues to melody,
 Enkindling in each breast seraphic fires
 Whose halo crowns, and round with light attires !
 Some poised on graceful wing, some circling high,
 Some speeding onward with intense desires !
 What curls of gold upon their foreheads lie,
 Or stream in waving locks as gloriously they fly !"

"Ivan," she said, "a seraph leads the band,
 Great Uriel in his morning purple bright,
 And cinctured round with gold from God's own
 In Solyma third hierarch of light [hand,
 Who Satan battling hurled to chains in night.
 Blest are our joyful eyes that we behold
 From some dim world yon radiant infant flight !
 O'er such child-angels oft have cycles rolled
 Ere call'd within the streets that burn and blaze with
 gold.

"In various worlds, the babes who died on earth
Live in the light, before Creation's King
Commands his infants of celestial birth,
By him refined, to soar on beaming wing
And in his Solyma his praise to sing.
Within his Capital all forms are seen
As Death in youth or age from earth may bring;
Yet each himself, nor his resplendent sheen
Obscures one featured mark that tells whom he has
been."

Oft near my home, painted by southern flame,
O'er field and wood bright tropic birds would glance
In splendid dyes—by storms o'erborne they came,
And swift on brilliant wings was their advance
When turn'd toward climes where warmer sunbeams
Once I beheld two fly behind the rest [dance.
With colors gay as visions of a trance:
The torrid plumage flashing on each breast
For lands with glowing suns their eager flight confess'd.

So thus two cherubs leave their shining band
To circle o'er our heads in airy flight,
And smile and sing and kiss to us the hand
Quivering their fragrant wings with their delight
'Til Heaven seem'd shaping beauty for our sight.
Then with a farewell look and sign they fly
To join the host cherubic, fleet and bright;
And as those infant forms fade in the sky
I felt a mystic tear stand trembling in mine eye.

Turning I saw beam o'er my Ida's face
 The glory of maternal smiles whose glow
 Kindled her being to celestial grace.
 "Our babes!" she cried, "our babes we laid below
 The summer sunlight and the winter snow
 To wait the trump of the eternal morn!
 My Ivan see, in Solyma they go
 To serve the King for whom they blest were born,
 And sunlike round his throne with cherubim adorn!"

I look aloft! the universe outstreams
 Its dazzling glories o'er the trembling skies,
 And sends its angels robed in splendid beams
 To sing the wonders which on time arise.
 On pinion swift with joy each seraph flies
 Speeding through Cygnus and the Milky Way;
 Orion, pleased, hears their loud triumph-cries,
 And Aldebaran with his mystic ray
 As onward flash the hosts to Solyma's bright day.

Leaving the worlds they guard for worship now
 Cherubic armies and the saintly throng
 With everlasting glory on each brow
 O'er the creation pour in light along
 To bend before the throne and wake the song.
 Glance Michael, Raphael, Gabriel o'er mine eye
 And angel-patriarchs to whom belong
 The amplest honors of the ancient sky
 On wings majestic toward the beaming city fly.

Within thee, Solyma, I hear them sing,
And see disclosed amid thy clouds of light
In my own manhood's form Creation's King
Enrobed effulgent in his Godhead's might
Shining through tears of love that dim my sight !
Immortal burns the flame while I adore !
His human body throned divinely bright !
O I with Ida up to Him must soar
And sing within his light and leave Him nevermore !

Majestic Father ! Thee we praise,
O'er all, Paternal Godhead, Thou !
While cherubim with glory blaze
 We lowly bow.
Our Father, we adore
Thee from Thyself alone !
Invisible forever more,
 And yet our own !

Almighty Son ! 'tis Thee we see
In One Thou Human and Divine !
The Father's image beams in Thee;
 His glory Thine.
Creator, Thee we praise !
Redeemer, Thee we love !
Our God made Flesh on Thee we gaze
 In light above !

Eternal Spirit, Thee we bless,
 Forever, Thou Proceeding One !
 And from the Father Thee confess,
 And from the Son !
 O Breath of Life and Love !
 O God by whom we sing !
 In Heav'n our rest, Thou Holy Dove,
 Beneath Thy wing!

Glory to Father and to Son,
 And to the Spirit ever be !
 The Everlasting Three in One,
 And One in Three !
 Jehovah, each we sing !
 Jehovah, all adore !
 And to our God Triune will bring
 Praise Evermore.

Sometimes when Evening sets her golden star
 In the blue bosom of an Alpine lake,
 From a dim mountain-cliff, heard high and far,
 A musing shepherd's song will softly break,
 And all the echoes of the rocks awake.
 Lip answers lip and sound replies to sound,
 And as new breasts new inspirations take
 That twilight-music swells and spreads around
 Until from peak to peak the melodies rebound.

Thus, Solyma, from thy resplendent hill
One angel-strain rose floating through the air;
One angel-lip soon quiver'd to the thrill,
But *that* a flame of glory kindled there,
And mingling millions in the joy did share.
Hark ! Hallelujahs ring from height to height
As cherubim to seraphim declare
A bliss that burns through all the worlds of light
'Til one celestial song a universe made bright.

Waked by those strains my resting head I found
Still pillow'd on the grass of Ida's grave :
A bird was warbling with a tuneful sound,
And low a murmuring stream its music gave.
Across my face a cypress-branch did wave :
As twilight dropp'd its dews in deeper gloom
His sculptured form I saw who came to save :
'Twas thus my dreams were led up to the bloom
Where Life immortal lives in Him who spoil'd the
tomb.



FAITH.

WHAT curious bosom never throb'd to roll
Mysterious darkness from the burden'd soul?
Who would not tear his being's veil away,
And burst to light in truth's eternal day?
O, who glows not with burning wish to find
Where tend these restless energies of mind—
Where point these mystic longings and desires
That hide in every breast their wasting fires?

Faith lifts each cloud, the void of life supplies,
Sheds light o'er earth, and leads us to the skies.

What secret power, with universal force,
Can atoms join, and worlds keep in their course?
True as the spell that points to Heav'n a soul
What makes the needle tremble to the pole,—
Beams in the twilight star with golden ray,
And flashing from the sun sheds round the day?
Or tell, what power invisible can bind
Insentient matter to immortal mind?
Lo, Science points where, quivering on the sky,
With vivid joy the frantic lightnings fly,
And finds through worlds electric forces reign
That bind creation in one mystic chain.

Thus in the spirit-realm with sovereign sway
Faith rules and calls its energies in play—
O'er all the unseen empire has control,
Explains, pervades, and regulates the whole.

Turn where we may, the curious eye surveys
Through the wide circles of the social maze—
From the lone hut where squalid misery pines
To where in pride the splendid palace shines,
From the drear isle where rude barbarians dwell
To lands where Science breathes her magic spell,—
Each human link in the vast living round
To the whole chain by Heaven's own wisdom bound,
Till trust in others from our infant breath,
Through all life's sorrows to the shades of death,
Joins man to man, forms ties of sacred love,
And points us to eternal worlds above.

Faith, too, in self, when obstacles oppose,
Which in the breast of modest genius glows,
Alone can fire the daring soul for flight
Beyond the clouds that veil the fields of light.
Let dark Distrust enjoy her shadowy reign,
Let fears of failure haunt the troubled brain,
The arm will lose its force, the mind its fire,
And every lofty scheme in night expire.
When Danger scowls, when Penury's chill frown
Palsies the heart and weighs the spirit down,
When withering scorn, the jeer of silly mirth
Would drag the bold adventurer back to earth,
O'er doubts triumphant and unmoved by sneers
His lifted eye will brighten 'mid its tears,

And on Faith's wing exulting he will rise
To drop his prophet-mantle from the skies.

Behold Columbus spread his venturous sail
Where mountain billows sweep before the gale !
Ye lightnings, clouds, and tempests, all in vain
Ye flash and frown and roar along the main !
Let earth and sea and sky mix in the strife,
Let murder plot and grasp the secret knife,
Serene the hero's soul, erect his form,
Through the wild ragings of the midnight storm.
While gathering perils dark around him spread,
Faith sheds her awful brightness on his head ;
"Onward !" he cries ; God smiles upon the brave :
No tempests more can toss the sleeping wave,
And soon with raptured glance his eyes explore
The misty outlines of the promised shore.

Celestial Faith ! thy guardian hand appears
And points great Newton to yon wheeling spheres ;
A halo binds around his brow serene
As he surveys the glittering starry scene,
Darts his keen eye through the wide realms of space,
And takes creation in his mind's embrace.

Amid the battle-cloud, as freemen fight,
I see thy hovering form crown'd with the light.
While Britain's lion glaring crouches low,
And footprints mark with blood the shining snow ;
While low-brow'd Treason hides with specious smiles
A soul which gold has bought, and plans his wiles ;
While Disaffection murmurs through the land,
Chills Freedom's heart and weakens Freedom's hand ;

While patriots groan, while shrieking Hope takes flight,

To leave the world in an eternal night,

From Heav'n I hear thy glad inspiring cry—

“ Fight on, ye brave! your cause shall never die!”

From thy bright realms I see thee bring relief,

And seek on wings of love our matchless chief;

Smile through the storm, and bid him stand un-
awed,

And trust his country to his country's God.

Illustrious Hope! with brighten'd glance mine
eyes

Thy glittering pinions see wave on the skies;

Soon radiant stands thy graceful image where

Yon son of genius sinks into despair;

'Tis thine, indeed, to bid the shades depart

That cloud his brow and agonize his heart:

'Tis thine with glowing pictures to inflame

Immortal ardours for the wreath of Fame:

'Tis thine the Future's curtain to unroll,

And stream its glories o'er the hero's soul;

But soon thy colors fade, thy visions fly,

Like painted vapors when a breeze may sigh,

Unless, with loftier eye and nobler mien,

Majestic Faith descends to rule the scene.

Yes! thou inspiring Faith, in trial's day,

When night draws round, and storms burst on our
way;

When from their depths in rage wild oceans rise,

And dash their fury up to trembling skies;

Thou, Faith, like Him, whose majesty confess'd
Hush'd by one monarch-word the waves to rest,
Dost calm our fears, dost turn our raptured sight
Where tempests never sweep in paths of night.

Let, blissful Faith, thy magic wand but wave,
Point through the cross to Him beyond the grave,
Griefs bloom with joys, bright rainbow-lustres play,
Despair will smile, and midnight turn to day.

Fidelio's mansion blush'd once in the dawn,
Whose morning light glow'd crimson o'er his lawn ;
Religion on his home her glory shed,
And Art and Learning round their graces spread.
Shall storms arise ? shall Sorrow shed her tear
O'er scenes of bliss unclouded by a fear ?
Lo, slander blasts, the mob a torch applies,
Above his home flames leap to midnight skies ;
Fidelio's wife glares with a maniac gaze ;
Fidelio's children perish in the blaze ;
About Fidelio, guiltless, clanks a chain,
And wretches taunt him with red murder's stain.
"Oh, Heaven," he cries, "with vengeance-burning
dart,

- Why dost thou love to pierce and pain my heart ?"
- Lo, while he speaks, see in the glimmering ray
That through his dungeon-bars finds dim its way,
A smile is on his face, his features shine
As round him plays a flood of light divine ;
Faith looks aloft to One whose eye is there,
And glory gilds the shadows of despair.

"Father, smite on!" Fidelio's lips exclaim;
"All shall be known when earth is wrapp'd in flame;
Yes! then thy hand the curtain shall unroll,
To show why sorrow thus has wrung my soul,
When peals thy trumpet the eternal morn,
And with its breath our world to bliss is born,
There will we meet, immortal in the sky,
Where Love can drop no tear o'er those who die."

See, as they part, a mother kiss her boy,
While sighs delay the word that clouds her joy!
She cries, while from her eyes the tears will flow,
As clasp her arms the form most dear below,
"My son, when first thy little lip I press'd
But Heav'n can know the bliss within my breast—
The joy that thrill'd, the love and mingled pride,
As stretch'd thy hands above thy cradle's side,
While o'er thy cheeks bright smiles the roses chase
Reflected from thy hovering angel's face.
Laid on the grass I see thine image now,
And boyhood's curls wave clustering o'er thy brow.
Oh trust, my son, since Manhood bids us part,
And veils with sorrow's shade my widow'd heart,
Oh trust, when tempests darken trial's day,
Thy father's God and mine to guard thy way!"
He goes, while filial tears his cheeks suffuse,
Flush'd with gay hopes his path of life to choose;
And when Temptation spreads her glittering snare,
When Pleasure smiles to drag him to despair,
Maternal Faith, his shield in peril's hour,
Defies a world, and baffles demon-power.

And when tornadoes burst from angry clouds,
When lightnings leap across the vessel's shrouds,
When thunders peal wild answers to the waves,
And ocean lash'd to madness yawns with graves,
When Hope forsakes, and agonizing cries
Above the battling elements arise,
The wife at home bids storms no longer blow;
Her Faith chains down the seas that heave below,
And spreads the sail, and makes the willing breeze
Speed him most loved safe over glittering seas.

Blest child of Faith, whose smile is o'er the skies,
Robed in her morn, Love brightens on mine eyes!
Wide to the breeze her standard be unfurl'd,
To wave its peaceful glories o'er our world!

What breast the brilliant vision never knew
That gilds earth's clouds with Hope's inspiring hue?
O say, who ne'er the future's veil unroll'd
To see return again the age of gold?
From time's first dawn the varied cycles share
The same old dream that lifts man from despair,
Since in his soul th' immortal wish has birth,
That yearns the glow of Heav'n to find on earth.

What power omnipotent shall burst our chain,
And o'er our world shall spread the splendid reign?
Can Science with her orient ray dispel
A gloom that blackens from the shades of hell?
Oh! Reason, in her wisest laws express'd,
Is vain to tame the passions of the breast,

To bind wild nations to her stately car,
Or wreath the olive round the sword of war.
Thou, matchless Faith, thou, wing'd with thine own
light,
Must flash away the clouds that make our night;
Thou from despair must give to man release
Till Love shall spread o'er earth the sway of Peace!

But, frowning here, a phantom form appears
To cast her shadow o'er the future years.
"Judge from the Past, deluded man," she cries;
"Hope's glittering visions but deceive thine eyes;
Poor dupe of priests, no promis'd day shall shed
Millennial brightness on thy suffering head!"

Paint Infidelity, in darkest hues,
Paint from the past thy soul-contracting views;
Then in the cheerless colors of the tomb
Let thy despairing picture frown in gloom,
While lightning-flashes o'er its blackness dart
More fierce than hate that burns within thine heart!
On mountains mountains pile along the way
Where Faith points on to a millennial day!
Thy art is vain! no shades at thy command,
No demon-touches from thy master's hand,
E'er sketch'd such paths of blood, such seas of fire,
As Heav'n arrays when prophets sweep her lyre.

But shall Faith tremble at the dread survey
And turn aghast her wilder'd eye away—
To passion's power, to Satan's sway give o'er
Immortal men, chain'd down for evermore?

Nay! from the skies majestic scenes unfold;
Faith sees her angels wave their wings of gold;
Then, rank on shining rank, from Heav'n descend,
And with her wrestling sons in battle blend.
Above the strife behold her towering form,
Calm as some sunlit rock amid a storm,
While in her hand th' Eternal Word appears
To gild earth's darkness with sabbatic years;
And as the scenes of future bliss arise,
Light crowns her brow and kindles in her eyes!

'Twas thus when morn dispell'd the midnight's
tears,
And glanced in terror on the Syrian spears,
As gathering foes 'mid yells of clamorous hate
With axes thunder at the trembling gate,
The Prophet, smiling, turns aloft his gaze
Where chariots burn, celestial warriors blaze.

From Heav'n's bright hills, Faith sends her clarion-
cry,
And angel-forms again are on the sky—
"Ye Christian soldiers, go—your standard raise
Till over earth millennial glories blaze!
Where stormy winters sweep around the pole,
And suns unsetting weary circles roll;
Where Nature painted in her torrid ray
Seems gorgeous as the cloud-gates of the day,
Lift high the Cross! Let Brahma raise his fanes,
And Gunga's stream in blood wind through the
plains;
Let Boodh's dark millions in their temples bend
Where white-robed priests with mystic rites attend:

Let Feejee's fires gleam through the midnight air,
To show the writhing victims of despair:
Let Moslem vengeance bolts of ruin throw,
And blood-red crescents o'er Judea glow:
Let Rome's dark spectre tower amid the gloom,
Crown'd with her flames, to make for Faith a tomb;
Yet, Heaven your shield, ye Christian-warriors, go,
The earth your battle-field and hell your foe!
Lift high the Cross, and Science soon will rise
To hail the Gospel-Angel as he flies,
And Life's immortal page send from her hand
Like seed which autumn wings across the land;
Shall nations join, and flash along her wire
Salvation's news, as with celestial fire!
Lift high the Cross! Soon War's death-trump no
more
Shall peal its battle-notes from shore to shore:
No chain shall clank, no superstitions throw
Grim, spectral shadows o'er a world of woe!
Lift high the Cross, till Truth shall scatter night,
And Love's bright morn shed universal light—
From clime to clime one wide effulgence stream,
And Heav'n and Earth commingle in her beam!

Hero of Heav'n, the Cross whose matchless grace
Did conquer thee, can move and mould a race!
Speak from thy skies! When tortured Ava's chain,
When torrid suns pour'd fire upon thy brain,
When sadly came upon the scorching gale,
With prison-curses mix'd thine infant's wail;
When prostrate she, thine angel—*more*, thy *wife*—
From pagan bounty held her guardian life,

Oh, then, by demons mock'd, by man oppress'd,
Tell me, could Love still reign within thy breast?
When, burst thy fetters, softest breezes now
Expand thy sail and play upon thy brow,
Beneath the moon waft o'er a placid stream
From scenes that frown like phantoms of a dream,
Shall Love still bind thee to that cruel shore?
For men who sought thy blood wilt thou care more?
Or weeping lone amid the Hopia shade
Where all that made earth bright for thee is laid,
Still wilt thou kneel, and pray for Burmah there?
Still shall Love triumph in thy dark despair?
Lo! frowns Helena o'er the sullen wave,
And Sorrow's tear drops on another grave;
Still shall thy sobbing voice the cry repeat?
Still shall thy heart with love's pulsations beat?
Still shall thy lingering eye look o'er the sea?
Still burns the wish that Burmah shall be free?
Let gold allure, let Satan in thy way
His mountains pile on Burmah's path to-day,
In Burmah's tongue th' Eternal Word must fly:
On Burmah's soil thy sleeping dust would lie!
Oh, victor thou, on some celestial height
Where play the splendors of immortal light,
As down to earth thy longing eyes explore,
They yet shall see Love reign on Burmah's shore:
On Ava's turrets yet the Cross shall rise,
And Burmah peal her anthems to the skies!

All-conquering Faith! thy hand has tamed the
wave,
Has snatch'd from death. and burst the awful grave:

Thy word has calm'd the tempest's boisterous force,
And stopp'd the sun in his eternal course ;
Nay ! moved the arm that guides with boundless
might

This vast creation in its onward flight ;
And thou must rule with matchless power and art
The warring passions of a human heart ;
Yes ! thy omnipotence alone can bind
The waves and tempests of a deathless mind !

The great Napoleon on his weary rock—
Hush'd now the victor's shout and battle-shock—
A captive now amid the sea confined,
No schemes of conquest darkening now his mind,
As meditation o'er life's evening threw
A wisdom mad ambition's noon ne'er knew,
While down through vistas in the clouds of time
Eternal rays gild o'er the scene sublime—
Napoleon saw that Force with tyrant sway,
Might briefly make reluctant man obey,
But only Love's omnipotent control
Could found enduring empire in the soul.

Offspring of Faith, bright Love, descend and bring
A world in tears to kneel before her King !
By his blest sceptre touch'd, thou shalt arise,
And fling thy conquering banner to the skies.

Far-glancing Faith ! let Science from her throne
Unveil earth's wonders round from zone to zone ;
On tireless pinions bear the spirit far
To circle space and visit every star :

Let venturous Fancy sweep on bolder wing,
Beyond where reason soars, or angels sing—
All theirs is thine—but wider thy embrace.
Yon glittering worlds shall weary in their race,
This earth shall burn, the skies shall melt away,
And o'er creation Ruin's flames shall play,
Yet from the wreck of fire thy glance descries
New systems spring, immortal glories rise!

THE PERIODS.

CANTO I.

THE DAY.

MORNING.

THE twilight dim
Lines ocean's brim :
And stars from sight,
Hide in the light
Whose burnish'd gold
O'er Heav'n is rolled.
As the sun above the sky
Lifts his royal head on high,
His beamy way
Where splendors play,
With flaming ray
Begins the day.
While the painted vapors fly
Like wild phantoms o'er the eye,
And the dew-drops glow
On the flowers bent low,
And the sunbeams flash
Where the rivers dash,
Hark ! the groves warble loud
To the lark in his cloud,
As rosy MORNING'S voice
Bids waking earth rejoice !

NOON.

That monarch-sun,
His course half done,
Sits throned in light
On the heav'n's height ;
A crown of beams about his head ;
Bright robes of glory round him spread !
Now the shadows grow small
From the quivering wall,
And field and hill
With heat are still.
How the pulse of the world beats exhausted and
low !
How the breath of the world comes hard, panting,
and slow !
How the face of the world is one broad, burning
glow,
While the day in his ire,
Like a furnace of fire,
Scorches NOON.

EVENING.

On the earth a holy hush,
O'er the sky a purple blush,
Soft Eve proclaim.
Down the golden gates of day
Sinks the sun with slanted ray.
From yon wooded hill,
In the twilight still,

Cries the whip-poor-will ;
The night-owl, in his oak,
Hears the frog's solemn croak ;
The crickets chirp, the beetles drum,
And earth is lull'd with insect hum.
As shadows deeper grow,
And the winds whisper low,
Hush ! with that fading light
Eve sinks away in night.

MIDNIGHT.

The silent stars are in the sky,
The moon amid her clouds rides high,
Whose quivering light, soft, bright, and still,
Silters the vale and bathes the hill.
Comes through the dark
The night-dog's bark,
While mortals sleep
In slumbers deep.
The fox steals forth with stealthy tread ;
Beneath his wing the fowl's dull head.
Where rivers flow
The mists creep low :
Now dreams invade
From realms of shade,
As midnight's awful shadow has its birth
To wrap like death in deeper sleep the earth.

CANTO II.

THE YEAR.

SPRING.

THE glowing sun now warms the breeze,
And darts his virtues through the trees
 To make life-currents rise,
 Which, working in the dark,
Expand the swelling bark
 'Neath ever-milder skies.
Heralds of the new-born year,
See the infant buds appear !
 Waked from the dead
 The young leaves spread,
Till the forests of the world
Stand with banners green unfurl'd.
 Broke nature's sleep,
 The grasses creep,
 Slow, bright, and still,
 From vale to hill,
Till green robes earth with its soft dye
As tints sweet blue the circling sky—
Hues mix'd by God to please man's eye.
Soon born the birds of every wing,
Which hop, or fly, or coo, or sing !
 The streams unbound
 A voice have found,
 And shout around
 With joyous sound,

We are free

In our glee.

Hark! blust'ring March subdued is whispering low,
Then show'ring clouds float tinged with April's glow;
And sinking rivers glide with murmuring flow.

Flush'd with a purple ray,

Crown'd by the smiling May,

Where morning clouds in golden masses lie,

Like angels at the portals of the sky,

Beneath a rainbow's arch of splendid dye

Whose painted glories quiver in the eye—

Brightest blossoms thy zone,

Sweetest rose-buds thy throne,

In a car of flowers

Just wet with the showers,

And drawn by wing'd Hours.

Ride on, thou blushing SPRING!

SUMMER.

Sprinkled with dews and showers, and warm'd by
noon

To glory bursts the rose of fragrant June!

On the trees the leaves still denser grow,

And their silent shadows darker throw

In the longer day's intenser glow,

While a wide-quivering haze,

Ascending in the blaze

As brighter burn the rays,

Floats dream-like o'er the gaze.

Not wildly brawl the brooks, swift, wide, and deep,

But painfully slow, faint-murmuring creep;

Majestic rivers shrunken in the sun,
Leave glaring rocks where waters cool have run.
 With dozing eye and panting side
 The ox stands meekly in the tide;
 Faint, with necks along the ground,
 Where noon-shadows lie around
 The quick-breathing sheep are found.
 Low as some distance-muffled drum
 The drooping city's wearied hum;
 Fierce heat has hush'd the field's gay choirs,
 And shrinking from day's scorching fires
 Far in the wood the bird retires
 Where scarce a glancing wing aspires.
 Deep the beast in his den
 Pants till night comes again;
 Without, the mountain bare
 Glow's in the burning air.
 Nor now the cheery song
 As the reaper stalks along;
 Nor now shakes down the dew
 As cuts the sickle through:
 Nor now, as in the morn,
 Winds loud the harvest horn;
 But like a furnace flames the sky,
 And looks the sun with fiercer eye,
 And lurid clouds float glaring by.
Where late o'er standing grain the sportive breezes
 play'd,
Now resting reapers dozing in the lazy shade
Amid the bearded sheaves of wheatcocks freshly
 made,
And all the yellow wealth of harvests prostrate laid
 Show brilliant SUMMER's reign.

AUTUMN.

High-piled the gather'd sheaves !
A yellow tinge in leaves !
Steals o'er the peach its flush
Deep as the evening's blush !
And when the leaves unfold
Red apples gleam o'er gold,
While on the tangled vine
The smooth, round melons shine.

Then peeping into view when lifting breezes blow,
Broad, mantling clusters on the trellis'd vineyards
glow,

Whose streaming currents soon shall gush in purple
flow.

Up, with his face of blood,
Slow o'er the deep-dyed flood,
The sun, despoil'd of rays,
Mounts, glaring through the haze ;
Then round with flaming glow
Burns o'er the world below,
Till in his evening bed
He dips his globe of red.

Gone from the hazy air the perish'd insect's hum,
Dim phantom-pheasants in the thickets lurking
come,

And beat the mossy log with whirring thunder-
drum.

Hark ! from his rail
On morning's gale,
The whistling quail !

With leg and tail uprear'd 'mid leaves crisp'd brown,
The squirrel gay his tinkling nut drops down ;
And chattering swallows circling on the wing,
Debate long exile till the smile of spring,
While high the clanging wild geese floating fly,
In long-wedged squadrons through the parted sky,
Now here and there amid the green
A changed September leaf is seen,
Which in eddying circles wheels
When keen October's breath it feels,
Or, clinging yet to its frail stem
Until it flashes like a gem,
Displays in morning's fresh'ning dew,
Its yellow tinge and scarlet hue ;
And then, before November storms
And blasting frost the world deforms,
Fields, orchards, forests, lawns, hills, plains, and
mountains bold,
Their mingling glories to the redden'd sun unfold,
Like crimson billows flaming o'er a sea of gold,
Or Heav'n's effulgent scenes to mortal gaze unroll'd,
And gorgeous AUTUMN paint.

WINTER.

Hark ! shrill the blast
Fierce-sweeping past !
As wild it blows,
The shutter close !
Quick ! stir the fire
Till flames aspire ;

The lamp then light,
Which, shining bright,
Dark on the wall
Makes shadows fall !

The soften'd brilliance of the room
Gilds age's brow and childhood's bloom ;
And curling ringlets you behold,
Hide infant smiles with waving gold.

Without, the tempest howls ;
Without, the black sky scowls ;
Without, the beggar's form
Is shivering in the storm,
And from the winter-sea
Shrieks out wild agony.

The furious winds subdued, huge leaden masses lie
Like giant spectres dimly on the silenced sky ;
Then dusky clouds, weigh'd down, the noiseless
scene bend o'er,

And the still heav'n and earth seem nearer than
before.

Now dropping through the air
A flake melts on your hair ;
Lo ! millions, soft and light,
Float on the wavering sight ;
The feathery whiteness still
Descends on vale and hill ;
Exhausted grows the cloud,
And earth lies in her shroud ;

Fields, forests, valleys, mountains, towns, together
show

One vast, interminable spectacle of snow.

Down the steep hill-side
See the brave boy glide !
While glad voices sing,
Sleigh-bells merry ring !
Circling o'er the sky
Let the snow-balls fly !
For the children's sport
Rise the wall and fort,
Till a warmer sun
Melts the scene of fun.
As the longer nights grow cold
Tapering icicles behold,
With their silver and their gold !
At opening day,
Where sunbeams play,
The icy trees
Flash in the breeze—
On leaf and stem
The quivering gem !
Now the stars shine small and bright
In the stillness of the night ;
Now each captive stream around
Stands firm in ice-chains bound,
And skaters glance and fly
Beneath the moonlit sky,
And frost and snow and ice on vale and hill and
plain
Show WINTER has begun his cold, remorseless
reign.

CANTO III.

LIFE.

INFANCY.

DEEP in a cavern of the earth
My little stream has mystic birth ;
 Then flows to sight
 In morning light
Where leaning trees with arching tops ascend,
And o'er a mossy rock dim shadows blend
 With perfume
 In the gloom.
On waters bright to float
Emerging comes my boat ;
Beneath a smiling sky
'Mid roses soft I lie,
While wings of Hours waft by.
Gay flowers on either side the waters kiss,
Whose quiet shadows sleep, the types of bliss,
Nor gentle clouds that sail above I miss,
Too fair in beauty for a world like this.
 With form most bright,
 And brow of light
 To calm my fears,
 An angel steers.
As with dimpled cheeks I glide
Where soft-rippling flows the tide,
And sweet-scented breezes chide,
Lo ! heav'n's seraph-bands preside,

Waving their golden wings while childhood pure and
bright,
A brilliant morning vision, floats across the sight.

YOUTH.

Brighter the roses flush,
Deeper the clouds red blush,
As I glide
O'er the tide!
Let the angel on the land
In his foolish sorrow stand,
Since I need no more his hand!
Adieu, every fear!
My own boat I steer.
Faster! ye Hours!
Strain all your powers!
Hands try!
Feet ply!
Wings vie
Till we fly, till we fly
Like clouds upon the sky!
At my boat of oak
Let age snarl and croak!
Against the shore
Let waters roar!
With wild turmoil
Let whirlpools boil,
And demons stare
In hellish glare!
See, smiling far above
Are Fame and Wealth and Love!

Scorning measure,
Brilliant Pleasure,
Her temple in the sky
With its dome bright and high,
A glory in the eye,
Builds for YOUTH !

MANHOOD.

A wildering glare
Blinds in the air !
See ! bright the lightnings flash !
Hark ! wild the thunders crash !
How the billows break and dash !
And the Earth wears a shroud,
And the Heaven seems a cloud ;
No angel guide
Smiles at my side.
But, avaunt, grim Despair !
Each peril I can dare,
And my life-burden bear.
Let torrents roar and rave,
The manly and the brave
Will ride upon the wave !
Ye lightnings, swifter fly !
Storms, fiercer rend the sky !
Rush, waters, wilder by !
Your fury I defy !
If Ruin's shock
Creation rock,
While helps its own right hand,
In God will MANHOOD stand !

AGE.

Life's fires have ceased to glow,
My feeble pulse beats slow,
This silver'd head bows low.
 My shatter'd boat
 Just keeps afloat.
But oh ! Life's Angel sheds on me his ray,
And steers my Age to his immortal day.
 While dark round me
 Rolls thy far sea,
 Eternity,
Yet, down from yon bright sky,
Through darkness thick and high,
Heav'n pours a blaze of beams
Till earth a glory seems.
A Form Divine I see round which the angels bend,
Who oft to me on waving wings in light descend.
 And soon I'll soar with them above,
Where Age shall turn immortal youth
As it beholds Incarnate Truth,
 And Life be everlasting Love.

SONG OF THE LIGHT.

O LONG did Old Night, rule o'er all in his might,
Sitting black as the robe of his gloom,
And the atoms did play, in their wild, wild way,
Yet of life e'en as void as the tomb;
Then God said, "Let light be!" and forth I flash'd
free
In my glory forever to shine,
And 'tis life I will bring, and joy on my wing
While the robe of Creation is mine.

My dazzle of rays, hides the Ancient of Days
In the clouds that encircle his throne!
My mantle of beams, in its brilliance of gleams
But by me could be woven alone.
Each seraph must shine, in my halo divine
And I bind him around with his robe;
Nor shimmers a star, nor a sun flames afar
Unless I will engirdle his globe.

And the rainbow I form and paint on the storm,
And I curve round each glittering hue
As the Maker Divine, refulgent doth shine
'Neath the circle which I o'er Him threw.
Lo! wide nature I fill with joy's keenest thrill,
And the songs of the angels inspire,
Nor a harp can be found, nor a lip to give sound
If my beam do not kindle the fire.

Through these atoms so dark, when flashes my spark,
 Lo, a thousand round worlds shall be born,
To sweep and to turn, and to beam and to burn,
 And I'll cheer them with even and morn.
I'll see this wide gloom, ever blossom and bloom
 When my suns in their glory arise,
And the light here shall beam, and life here shall
 teem
Where eternal the smile of the skies.

SHADOWS.

DEEP in our gleaming river,
Amid the mirror'd trees,
Yon elm's great branches quiver
When rippling breathes a breeze.

Trunk, branch, and leaf appearing,
I see inverted lie,
And shape that elm uprearing
Its top into the sky.

Its image true is shimmering
In its deep liquid glass;
Or dim, or bright, or glimmering
As cloud and sunshine pass.

Thus in my soul reflected
Far forms of Heav'n appear;
Confused, reversed, affected
By every smile and tear.

But an eternal morning
For these dim shapes of time,
Will show—change ever-scorning—
Originals sublime.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

As you toss on your bed what strange images roll
And chase, each the other, so grotesque o'er the
soul!

Oh! my fancies were queer, from my home far away,
And half robbing the night to make plans for the
day,

Since I could not get rid of the thought for my life,
How convenient a thing is a Photograph Wife!
See the eye and the face, and the form and attire,
With those touches of taste man was made to admire;
Muff, hat, glove, and kerchief, all arranged for the
fun,

And as anxious as madam to smile to the sun!
But no poutings, nor scoldings, nor feminine frown,
Like a moon in a cloud when the sun has gone down.
Take her gently—kiss the lip—look into the face
As more sweetly she smiles than a rose in a vase!
Or would she take leave? and must we send her
away?

Then no trunks are to pack and no fare-bills to pay.
Just three cents will convey her from Texas to Maine;
Just three cents bring her back, if she wishes, again;
All done in a minute—like the flash of a rocket—
Wife leaps from the mail-box and sleeps in your
pocket.

Also, Photograph Children—they'll answer well too—
No combing, nor dressing, nor expense for a shoe;
No romping and bawling, and fighting and mussing;
No turning and twisting, and fixing and fussing;

Nor a thought for the future, nor a tear for the past,
Sweet and gentle and good, and besides, it will last :
Not like some young storm of Spring that sleeps in
the sky,

But soon bursts into showers with a bang and a cry.
Indeed, such were my thoughts—I ask pardon of
all—

These queer pranks of the mind will not stop at our
call.

Look again at the Picture ! no *soul* brightens there,
'Tis only a shadow unsubstantial as air ;
A few fading lines which the sun in his play
On the paper has kiss'd with a frolicsome ray,
And that warmth of the lip and that fire of the eye,
And that flash of the soul like a gleam of the sky,
That soft tone of kindness when love breathes in the
face,

And those wifely attentions bestow'd with such
grace ;

The low tender whispers far away from the crowd,
When Eve peeps with her star through the rift of
the cloud ;

And the romp and the chess and the dolls and the
fun,

And the shout and the skates and the sleds and the
run,

With all that is bright and sweet and lovely in home.
By our mem'ry made heav'n when far exiles we
roam—

Oh yes, give me all—all—trouble, children and wife ;
Take the smile from my lip, take the blood from my
life,

But oh, leave those I love in Thy goodness, my God,
Who, if smitten by Thee, will yet bow to Thy rod !
Yes ! when Death strikes one down, and we follow
the bier,

As we drop on the grave the soft light of a tear,
We will look in the hope of a home to the skies,
Where the eye never weeps and the heart never
sighs.

LIBERTY.

'Tis not the chain that makes the slave,
Since fetter'd for the right,
'Mid dungeon-gloom will lie the brave
In liberty and light.

How small, let tyrant-monsters know,
Their pow'r the flesh to kill ;
Each scorching flame, each mangling blow,
Triumphant makes the will.

The martyr-victor we behold
Majestic in his chain ;
Unawed by power, unbought by gold,
Unterrified by pain !

If wrong a universe could pile
On his exulting soul,
Immortal, he would trust and smile
Uncrush'd beneath the whole.

SONG OF THE FOURTH DAY.

CRY aloud ! cry aloud ! all-hail the Kingly Sun !
On his throne without a cloud, his high reign he hath
begun !
Cry aloud ! cry aloud ! the cherubim should sing !
May this monarch bright and proud, life and glory
ever fling !

In whispers we will sing as comes the Queen of
Night !
O how beautiful a thing, like a spirit of the light !
Low breathe the softest string, as bright she lifts her
face,
As she sails without a wing, and for ages be her race !

O be mute ! O be mute ! the stars are in the sky !
O stop the harp and lute as the glory passeth by !
They glitter as they move along their march sublime !
Let them fling their light of love over all the night
of time !

To Him be all the praise from whom the splendors
came !
O most wonderful His ways, and Jehovah is His
name !
Are His worlds o'er heav'n sown, like gems which
beauty grace ?
What the brightness of His throne ! what the glory
of His face !

*OUR FLAG.***OUR FLAG.**

FLAG of Beauty ! wide and high,
Earth saw thee given to the sky
In Freedom's night :
Flashing then o'er battle-fires,
Thee a gazing world admires,
Onward borne by our brave sires
To Freedom's light.

Flag of Freedom ! where a spot
Darkening did thy beauty blot
No stain we see ;
Glad to Heav'n our song we raise.
Nations swell the voice of praise !
Every star floats in the blaze
Of Liberty.

Flag of Promise ! let a world
Wide thy glories view unfurl'd
O'er land and sea !
Float ! for ever gone thy stains !
Float ! till earth has burst her chains !
Float ! while Heav'n bends o'er our plains,
With eagles free !

Flag of Glory ! fly no more
Where 'mid death's wild thunder-roar
Fierce brothers slay !
Glow now love where once glared ire !
Never may a star expire
Till the Heav'ns in final fire
Have pass'd away !

LEAVES.

WHEN joyous Spring first clothed the trees,
How beautiful and bright
The leaves were dancing in the breeze,
And flashing in the light!

While Summer glow'd with fiery breath,
Fresh vigor still they found,
And laugh'd away the spectre Death,
And tinkling spurn'd the ground.

With dying glories Autumn came
Before chill Winter's gloom,
And kindled his funereal flame
That decks leaves for the tomb.

Now, crisp'd and brown and torn and dry
Before the tempest's breath,
O'er heaven and earth they whirling fly,
The saddest types of death.

But as from leaves in dark decay
Majestic forests rise,
Up we will spring in Life's great day
Immortal for the skies.

A SONG IN HEAVEN TO HOME.

Oh! sweet Home of my Childhood, I think of thee
now,
With the light of this glory so bright on my brow ;
Since 'twas Heav'n ordain'd thee, dear place of my
birth,
Here, here, I'll forget thee never more than on earth.

Oh, Home of my Childhood! when the angels do
sing
In their rapture about the high throne of their King,
As I shine with the throng, as I gaze through the
light,
There, thy soft tender image will float o'er my sight.

And as long as the ages eternal shall roll
Their fresh tides of glory still more bright o'er a
soul,
Ever, Home of my Childhood, thy mem'ry will be,
As the years shall flow onward, so much dearer to
me.

ABOVE.

How the winds are ever blowing,
Which the flying clouds compel!
How the streams are ever flowing
The majestic seas to swell!

How the golden mists, ascending
To the sun from ocean's face,
Drop the rain by Heav'n's intending,
Rills and rivers to replace!

Day and night o'er earth are throwing
Both their brightness and their gloom,
While Death, chasing Life, is mowing
Ceaseless harvests for the tomb.

Seasons pass, and Time advancing
Makes the empires rise and fall,
Till man sees, wherever glancing,
Desolations which appal.

But *above* are always glowing
Mystic worlds serenely bright,
With no tempests madly blowing,
With no shadows of the night.

O'er earth's changes they are sweeping
In serenity sublime,
Held by Him within whose keeping
Are Eternity and Time.

Ever could their spheres, decaying,
Be hurl'd back into night,
Soul, believing and obeying,
Thy Eternity is light.

THE RAINBOW.

MYSTERIOUS Bow ! born from the rain and light,
How silently thine arch is flung o'er heav'n
What Power invisible arrests his beams
Bright flashing from the sun, their hues untwists,
And curves them o'er our world in majesty ?
Round, matchless Form ! do spirits in thee dwell,
And bend thee down the sky, and weave thy charms,
And run along thy glittering sides, and smile
From thee o'er man rejoicing in thy peace ?
Who lifts into the air these tints of earth,
The soft green of leaves, the violet's hue,
The gold of fruits, the crimson of the rose,
And all the varied garniture of seasons ?
'Twas God thy grace conceived ! He breathes thy
hues ;
He hangs thee in the cloud, His pledge of peace ;
He bends thee round across the lonely sea
In which thy glory curves to tinge its waves.
O'er boundless plains thy circling colors smile,
Or soar aloft to span the gloom of woods,
While towering high into thy gorgeous tints
The spires of cities float. Grandly o'er vales,
Pillar'd on mountain-tops, great Bow of Light,
Majestically high thy glory stands,
Bright type of Love, uniting Earth and Heav'n !

ISRAEL'S MARCH-WORD.

FORWARD ! 'Tis Jehovah's cloud
Leads Israel to the sea !
Forward ! Egypt fierce and proud
Clanks chains behind the free !

Forward ! Waves, thy mountain-walls,
Shall tower along thy way !
Forward ! When thy Maker calls
'Tis madness to delay.

Forward ! Where yon guiding glow
Moves through the parted deep
Pharaoh shall lie buried low,
In death his minions sleep.

Forward ! In yon cloud and fire
Jehovah makes His shrine.
Forward ! Neither stop nor tire,
And what is best is thine.

Forward, Israel ! fear no foes !
Thy rest is o'er the sea ;
Milk there with the honey flows ;
The grape there waits for thee.

Forward ! Heav'n's own fire shall die
And Heav'n's own manna cease ;
But Jehovah thy supply,
Thy Bread, thy Light, thy Peace.

THE HEART'S MASTER.

WHEN Morning pencils on her bright'ning sky
The first faint tracteries of the coming day
One low lone bird will trill its melody
Responsive to a solitary ray.
But as the sun floods heav'n and earth with gold
Each leaf grows tremulous with exulting strains,
That gushing, mingling, swelling high, are roll'd
Till orchestras burst out from hills, and dales, and
plains.

And thus from some cathedral's solemn walls
A single voice will chant in melting tone,
While from a single stop the organ calls,
Thund'rous and deep, its supplicating moan.
Now hark ! each tongue, each key, wakes music
round :
Peal upon peal, on billows billows rise,
Till all the temple shakes with bursting sound
From that majestic choir which even thrills the
skies.

In some lone vale of Heav'n an angel strays
To view its glories in soft mellow'd light :
See ! o'er his harp involuntary plays
His trembling hand—his lip moves to the sight ;
One murmuring strain awakes a thousand strings :
Lofty and full, a gathering tide soon breaks ;
Voice answers voice, to seraph seraph sings,
And in the mingling praise a universe partakes.

And thus ! O Christian, is it with thy heart.
Each single chord with earthly music thrills ;
Wife, parent, child, and country have their part ;
When Friendship strikes her string pure rapture
fills.

But only Christ, the Master, wakes the whole,
Can touch each key, can harmonize each tone,
And through His Cross stir love through *all* the
soul,
To burst, Immortal King, in songs around Thy
throne !

OUR COUNTRY.

COME, Freedom's sons ! unite
Beneath our Flag of Light,
One, strong, and true !
Ours is the furnace-blast ;
Ours is the old world's past ;
Ours is the work to cast
All into new !

Ye men of every race,
Where wave our stars find place
And hope and rest !
Your blood with ours must flow ;
Your life with ours must grow
Till we a manhood show,
Earth's last and best.

'Twas o'er the far East first
The light of Empire burst
With orient gleams :
But *Westward* since its way !
Here let its glories stay,
Back-flashing earth's grand day
In Freedom's beams !

SERENADE.

SLEEP, Love, with smiling dreams !
Bright o'er thy bed
Some rosy head !
Light-wing'd the boy-god gleams.
Sleep, Love !

Sleep, till his arrow flies.
Twang, twang, the dart
Goes to thy heart ;
He laughing mounts the skies.
Sleep, Love !

Wake, Love, and see the moon !
Beam like yon star,
But not afar,
And fling a kiss down soon ;
Wake, Love !

MADRIGAL.

OPEN, Love, thy lattice wide !
Let the moonbeam pass !
See it through the branches glide !
See it on the grass !

Open, Love, thy lattice now
Let the breeze come through !
Let it play around thy brow,
And thy bosom woo !

Open, Love, the lattice, while
I gaze up on thee !
Let yon star-beam kiss a smile
From thy lip to me !

Love, thy lattice wide, wide fling !
Be like yon bright sky !
While the sea is murmuring
It bends lovingly.

ON A BIRTHDAY.

MEMORY, Love, recalls the day
When morning shade and sunlight lay
 Upon the grass ;
The heav'ns smil'd down through deeps of blue,
The rose breath'd fragrance from its dew,
Earth robed herself in orient hue,
 To see thee pass.

Thy cheek was bloom, thine eye was light,
And love and hope and beauty bright
 Were in thy face ;
As memory sees thee through the years,
Untouch'd by time, undimm'd by tears,
No flow'r when opening spring appears
 Unfolds such grace.

Since, on life's path, the cloud and storm
Have sometimes darken'd round thy form
 And swept thy sky ;
Yet trial's years in heart and brow
Have made thee fairer to me now
Than when in youth thy marriage vow
 Brighten'd mine eye.

If, blushing round some parent rose,
The sweet buds burst, the gay flow'r glows,
 Beneath green trees ;
But statelier its maternal pride
To see such beauty at its side,
And know that mingling perfumes glide
 Out on the breeze.

SOLICITUDE.

I TREMBLE, Love, when in my breast
I see thine image lie;
To me bright beauty, which no art
Could from the dreams of genius start
In forms to please the eye.

The morning heav'ns which blush and glow
Reflected in the stream,
But on its *surface* splendors throw,
Nor waters tinge that glide below,
Unconscious of a beam.

Thy love through *all* my being reigns,
As when the painter's dye
Each canvas-thread pervades and stains,
And if a fragment but remains
Its colors you descry.

I start to hear my heart-strings break—
Each life-hope rent away;
The ruin fancy death could make,
The weary blank, the dull cold ache,
The midnight where smiled day.

Then Faith takes wing,—beyond the tomb,
In God's eternal sky,
Our love shall live where shades no gloom,
And Christ to all imparts the bloom
Of Immortality.

REGRET.

A **TEARFUL** mourner kneels beside a grave
Along whose green is mingling autumn's gold,
While through the hazy mists mute branches wave
And crimson leaves a dying year unfold.

Back from the mystic past what mem'ries teem !
A bride's bright beauty smiling rises now ;
In evening's hush beside the moonlit stream
He hears again the silver-whisper'd vow.

The white-robed priest, the brilliant festal throng,
The rainbow glory Hope o'er youth did throw,
The wedded years, like golden light and song,
Gild e'en the tomb with momentary glow.

But why that cloud as shakes yon kneeling form ?
Why does a tear-drop burn the throbbing eye ?
Thus from the hills will sweep the midnight storm
To veil the summer-moon and tranquil sky.

Does a wife's death-scene make such anguish start ?—
The last seen smile, the agonized farewell,
The life-ties tearing from an aching heart—
That pang of lonely grief we may not tell ?

Ah no ! 'tis but a *word* spreads o'er this gloom
Whose tone once thrill'd the ear that sleeps with
pain,
And now comes thundering from the solemn tomb,
By memory waked, till heard through years again.

Oh ! when we drop upon the grave a tear
And Love rolls back the curtains of the past,
May all its scenes unstain'd and bright appear,
Nor dark Regret with clouds the heart o'ercast !

H E A V E N .

ON earth there was in hearts a sigh,
And the dull throb of pain :
The tear-drop trembled in the eye,
Then fell, to fall again.

Oh ! Change o'er all a shadow threw,
His brother Death was there,
And e'en the sparkle of the dew
Soon vanish'd into air.

Wild phantoms o'er the mind would rush,
With pain the body thrill,
And ere the brimming cup could blush
The tempting wine would spill.

The love that on the warm lip press'd
To leave its tender kiss,
Would soon lean o'er a cold, cold breast,
And find a woe for bliss.

But here, on all things is the bloom
Which lives without decay,
And He who brought us from the tomb
Makes our immortal day.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

'Tis only when rough roots below
Unsightly masses tangled throw
Both deep and wide,
Majestically the tree can rise,
Which time and storm to age defies,
In stately pride.

Unpolish'd rocks, from hills convey'd,
Deep in the solid earth are laid
By careful hands,
Before the house where art would reign
Lifts high its beauty from the plain
And stately stands.

If forms which please, profuse and bright,
Their brilliant colors flash to sight
And charm the view,
Yet, firm as their Almighty Cause,
Has Reason all things bound in laws
As numbers true.

Learn, while the Beautiful may smile
From flower to star, and care beguile,
Life's charm and grace,
The Useful yet beneath must lie
All loveliness of earth and sky,
Creation's base.

MY ROSE.

My morning Rose, crown'd Queen of flowers,
What makes thy regal hues?
Is it the drops of summer showers,
Or sparkle of the dews?

O, can that dark, repulsive earth
Which round thy roots is seen,
Give this delicious fragrance birth,
And soften in thy green?

Or do these whispers of the air
Waving thy graceful stem
A beauty give which kings despair
To purchase in a gem?

Perchance, from golden realms of light
Some glancing sunbeam weaves
This bloom of glory, rich and bright,
That lingers in thy leaves.

Or with the blushes of the morn
From heav'n an angel flies,
And spreads these colors which adorn,
The rivals of his skies.

Can a celestial spirit hide
Now in thy circling bloom,
And lift thy stem in stately pride
And shed thy sweet perfume?

My Queenly Rose ! what mystic power,
What more than regal birth,
Brings thee, a perishable flower,
The homage of the earth ?

The eternal thought of God thou art,
His beauty to enshrine :
The charm that binds thee to each heart
Resistless, is divine.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

CAN, oh Spirit ! thine Ideal
Be obscured by mists of earth,
While this dull, exacting Real
Stifles a celestial birth ?

Why thrill senses form'd for pleasure
With this agony of pain ?
Why do powers without a measure
Never here their sphere attain ?

Why are plans forever failing
In this selfishness of strife ?
Why are hearts forever wailing,
Crush'd beneath the load of life ?

Oh ! must we, to Heav'n aspiring,
By earth's cares and duties bound,
Sink till, with the struggle tiring,
Groveling we love the ground ?

Spirit, trust ! since all is tending
To thy work and growth above,
Where thy powers will live, ascending
In eternal truth and love.

Fix'd in Heav'n our grand Ideal,
Bright beyond the clouds of time,
Then, pursued on earth the Real,
Life, made true, becomes sublime.

1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the proceedings.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the proceedings.

